

# HAMMOND DANGEROUS FOR SUNDAY

**DEPENDENTS  
FACE HARDEST  
GAME TO DATE**

Hammond's Dependents in Weight, Speed and Experience and Low Score is Predicted.

Hammond's Dependents are the names and numbers of the Rock Island Dependents and Hammond's Dependents. The list is reproduced for the convenience of the fans. No names are included. Out on the field and pick tomorrow's opponents as the numbers as their wearers wear on the field.

- DEPENDENTS HAMMOND**
- 1. Talbot
  - 2. Myers
  - 3. Kohl
  - 4. Bellinger
  - 5. Johnson
  - 6. Roberts
  - 7. Gille
  - 8. Kelly
  - 9. Brunswick
  - 10. Sequist
  - 11. Moran
  - 12. Skinner
  - 13. Brown
  - 14. Ward
  - 15. McMullin
  - 16. Varney
  - 17. Dribbe
  - 18. Hess

**The Officials**

Coach: Ed. M. Fether. Referee: P. J. Walsh. Umpire: J. C. Coltrin. Indiana U. head linesman.

**Time of Game.**

2:15 p. m.

Rock Island's Dependents will meet the Hammond Dependents tomorrow afternoon at 2:15 p. m. in the first real football game of the A. A. P. C. season.

Prospective last minute changes both teams preclude today's announcement of personnel of a regular lineup that will start the game. However, it is comparatively an easy task to guess the Dependents' line. The Argus ventures the following:

Left end—Smith, Riddell. Left tackle—Shaw. Left guard—Wyland, Koch. Center—Fitzgerald. Right guard—Healy, Mockmore. Right tackle—Buland. Right end—Marshall, Man-

There isn't a shade of over-estimation in the Dependents' line after their overwhelming display of the St. Paul ideals and the Muncie Flyers. In fact, the Dependents look to be the toughest opposition so far this season.

Last Home Guards Pass. The release this week of Paddy Quinn and Loyal Robb marked the passing of the last of the home guards. Frank Gardner, who was released last Sunday at end, was released with Quinn and Robb. Gardner proved a capable end, but the acquisition of Arnold Wyman, Ed Shaw, Charley Mockmore, and Healy and "Speed" Riddell, constituted the aforementioned.

Waddy Kuehl and "Polly" Koch headed the last vestige of tri-city home talent on the squad. The Davenporters are retained for their intrinsic worth; Kuehl is a star halfback and understudy of "Rube" Ursella, and Koch for his skillful work at either guard or end.

The home guards have outlived their usefulness with the advent of the world's greatest football players, who are destined to meet the present season with the championship of the country. However, in passing, it would be well to mention the sterling past performances of Paddy Quinn and Loyal Robb.

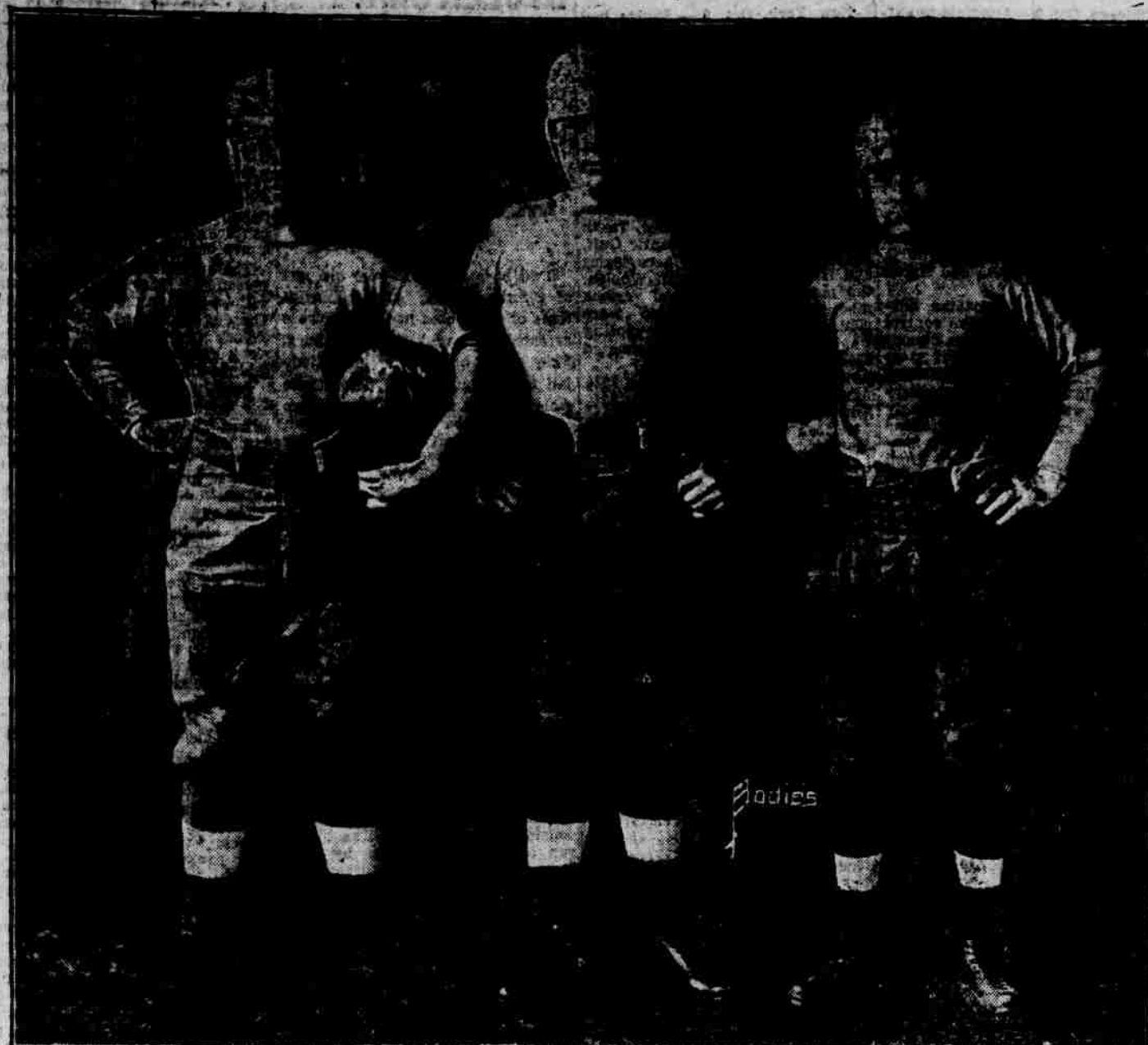
Advent of Healy, Riddell. Tomorrow will mark the advent of Healy, the big former Dartmouth and Holy Cross tackle, who such a hit with Walter Camp, one of American football, during college days in the east. Tomorrow will also present "Speed" Riddell, who is regarded as the best player ever produced at the University of Nebraska, under the watchful eye of Trainer "Pop" Best, of 25 years.

Arnold Wyman, Ed Shaw and Charley Mockmore made their bows last week and proved their claims for championship form. Wyman and Shaw will start tomorrow's game at left halfback and left tackle, respectively. Mockmore's ending is still a doubtful question, but Coach Ursella, with Duesy Lyle as point of first consideration.

It is also still undecided whether Waddy Kuehl will start the game at left halfback position or end. The usual fullback position of Paddy Quinn is also in question. One of the ends. It is almost certain that Eddie Novak's injured ankle will keep him out of the game, with Sid Nichols, Waddy Kuehl and Riddell as reserve halfbacks. There is no discussion over the retention of Buland and Shaw as regular tackles.

A Dangerous Fee. Dr. A. A. Young is bringing his demand for \$100 for the use of the Hammond home grounds, the football game will be deferred until 3:15 p. m., instead of starting as usual at 2:15. This change was authorized so that the fans might view the play-by-play flashes of the baseball game from The Argus scoreboard and have plenty of time afterward for the trip to Douglas park.

## Beef and Brains of Hammond Eleven



ROBERTS, halfback (155). MORAN, center (285). BRUNSWICK, halfback (182).

## MOLINE A. C. GETS GOING

Former Tractors To Meet Tough Clinton (Ia.) Professionals at Browning Field.

**Ends**—Kohl, Wiederquist, Mullins, Brown, Rohrer, Miller, Johnson, Crawford. **Tackles**—Valentine, Burns. **Guards**—Donovan, Hayden, C. Swanson, Hufford, Moody, Foster. **Centers**—Soderstrom, Burns. **Quarterbacks**—Woodruff, Sullivan, DeClerk. **Halfbacks**—Holmes, Norton, Verslus, Brown. **Fullbacks**—E. Swanson, Whistler.

This is the lineup of the newly organized Moline A. C., formerly the Moline Tractors, for their game tomorrow afternoon on Browning field, Moline, with the Clinton (Ia.) professionals.

Clinton is reported to have practically the same eleven that defeated the Davenport High school for the Iowa state championship in 1915, and are formidable opponents of the noted Osborn shift. Last year was their first whirl in the professional field and they defeated the leading Iowa pros, including Dubuque, Iowa Cords.

Coach Ted Davenport put the full squad through a snappy scrimmage and signal drill last night and reports that the first game under the new regime should prove a corker in general interest.

## ALEXA STIRLING AND MRS. HURD IN GOLF FINAL TODAY

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 9.—Miss Alexa Stirling of Atlanta, Ga., present title holder, and Mrs. J. V. Hurd of Pittsburgh, former champion, were victorious today in the semi-finals of the women's national golf tournament on the Mayfield club course and will meet today for the championship.

Miss Stirling defeated Mrs. C. H. Vanderhook of Philadelphia, 3 up, and Mrs. Hurd won from Mrs. D. C. Gault of Memphis, Tenn., 2 up.

## GRAND CIRCUIT

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 9.—The Kentucky, a stake event for 3-year-old trotters in which seven are entered will feature the program at the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' association Grand Circuit track this afternoon. Included in the entry list for the historic Kentucky are Danette, Daystar, Madame Dillon, King Harvester, Natalie the Great, Veseta and Lucile Harvester.

Hammond starting lineup could be obtained today, but the fans are advised to clip the numbered lineups preceding this article and use it as reference at tomorrow's game. The starting players can be distinguished by their numerals.

Owing to the lateness of tomorrow's world's series game between Cleveland and Brooklyn on the former's home grounds, the football game will be deferred until 3:15 p. m., instead of starting as usual at 2:15. This change was authorized so that the fans might view the play-by-play flashes of the baseball game from The Argus scoreboard and have plenty of time afterward for the trip to Douglas park.

## One Night in Cleveland Like Night in Old Rome

### LIVE CORPSE AT SERIES WAKE

By Bruce Copeland.

Hollenden Hotel, Suite 16, Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 9.—Those bedraggled Indians, minus several acres of pin-feathers and with war paint pasted like a tinted flapper caught in the rain without an umbrella, came home yesterday to bury their world's series hopes, not to praise them.

Reservations for the wake had been wired in advance. All the mourners were ready to agree that old John Series Flagg had been a good old soul until he began to leak. So far as Cleveland was concerned, the late J. B. Flagg was dead, and an old maid's romance; so it was deemed advisable to slip the old bird a burial befitting of his rank. Rank is right; he died that way.

Bill Fitzgerald, Cleveland's leading mayor, was at the Union station to meet the prodigal Indians. Cleveland has a lot of mayors. Ever since the late Tom Johnson, former mayor himself, legalized and otherwise encouraged free speech, every Cleveland voter is a mayor. It happens so that Bill Fitz is the best free speaker; consequently, he is mayor. If they charged admission, they'd never get a vote.

**Mayor Makes Free Speech.**

Being mayor, Fitzgerald had to make free speech at the station. Cleveland likes free speeches. That's why chauntauqua speakers would starve to death in Cleveland. Tawing over the casket of John Series Flagg like J. Marcus Antonius of Caesar and Anthony, the best of crapshooters of ancient Rome, Fitz got up on his soapbox to bust the morbidly curious.

"Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen, lead me your way," he declared touchingly. "The mourners were so overcome that if a good dip had been there he could have touched all six for everything from liberty bonds to prohibition papers, including war tax."

Bill Fitz has a good sense of humor, otherwise he wouldn't be mayor. There was a band on the platform, but somebody whispered that the musicians were waiting for a train to Ashabula to perform at a Polish wedding or something. On looking closely, the temporary hostesses could have seen Fitz laughing through his cuff, but they were all too busy watching a flap climbing the viaduct stairs.

**Flagg Arrives from Dead.**

Don't know whether or not Fitz knew whereof he spoke, but right on the heels of his opening touch crack, he threw back his ears and whinnied. "We have come to praise Caesar, not to bury him." That was the cue for the band, that somebody said was going to Ashabula, to strike up. "We're Here Because We're Paid," whereupon, John Series Flagg sat up in his coffin and asked for a car'dridge of booties.

In the parlance of the cub reporter, pandemonium reigned upon his embarrassing position and discovered he had only suffered an acute attack of chills. Flagg tossed all the Indians on the cheek and then departed for League park, where he'll receive company, including Mike Sexton of Rock Island, and the Reed brothers and

Measrs. Walsh and McCarthy of Divenport.

This startling resurrection of Cleveland's world's series hopes was like a trained dog act in yodel to 11 unrestricted acts of Camille or Sappho, compared to the panic tonight in the public square. In fact, there was a panic where over Brooklyn's cold distributed beautiful, hand-embroidered 2 to 1 odds.

Never saw so much jack since the day we went into the mint to change a quarter. Somebody must have broken the Bank of Heaven, because it rained iron-men so hard that you had to wear tin derbies or go through life with dollar signs tattooed behind your ears. We admit we are all after the money, but we don't want to be so conspicuous.

**Whoa, Lily! Whoa, Lily!**

The Rock Island delegation arrived late and sent their regards. All eastbound freight trains were delayed 12 hours by a wreck near Ballville, and it was Rock Island's ball on Cleveland's clothes line. The whistle blew and Old Smith shot a plate lunch to Freddy Reddy for three feedbags; only for Reddy to be tackled on the waistline by Romeo Mansfield, who was trying to make the daughter of Mother Machree.

Pat Smith promoted a fight between Young Haman Egg and Batling Balm and guaranteed himself enough to buy Bruce Wilbur Smith bathing suits. E. W. Smith, aged two weeks, has declared himself for one-piece bathing suits or nothing. (Two cigars.) The womenfolk quailed at the fatal beauty of Gleam Kitchell, while Len Boettcher passed the hat and collected more ah's and oh's than Harding or Cox could get in a week of one-night stands among the jakes and jens.

Jack Collins called on Mark Hanna III, and tried to sell him a good dip with headquarters at B. V. D. p.d., with headquarters at Nome, Alaska. Jack reports that Hanna is not the mark his moniker implies, and was last seen matching pennies with a blind man. Tom Brennan got into an argument over the length of a tapeworm at three years of age. AND LOBT.

The sickle speller then removed his false whiskers and the clinic gazed upon the triumphant features of W. J. Ryan.

**If Bets Were Biscuits, Well—**

Don't worry; it's a hired horse! Earl Shannon bet a child's waitress that there was a hair in his soup. She was highly indignant and retorted that mock turtle is hairless. "Then it must be false hair," he insinuated, rubbing his own; but the gag flopped flat and the waitress staggered away with the marvelous concrete replica of Washington crossing the Delaware. The gag says Earl couldn't win a bet unless the other guy should die without a will.

Freddy Reddy was right. He saw how a live horse position among guests at a dead and dumb arlyan. Freddy got his rep the other night at the Comiskey-Huse fight. Now he begins of getting paid for talking with his hands. "Taxi" Sparks made the best front page of the afternoon papers after inquiring the way to the best pastiche in town. A queer looking bird, who must have come from Mohele, kept bawling every-

## TWO 'BIG TEN' GAMES TODAY

Minnesota-Northwestern, Chicago-Purdue Clashes Lead Important Gridiron Tussles in Mid-West.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—Practically every important football eleven in the middle west got into action today, several playing their first game of the season, but the Minnesota-Northwestern contest at Evanston and the Chicago-Purdue clash here were the only ones with any bearing on conference or sectional championships.

These two games easily were the most important of the day, for the loser in each would be virtually eliminated from the western conference race. Minnesota was easily the favorite over Northwestern, primarily because of the latter's poor showing against Knox last week, while in the Chicago-Purdue match there was little to choose between the two teams before the game, as their contests always have been exceptionally well fought.

Michigan and Illinois, last year's title winners, opened their seasons today, the former facing Case at Ann Arbor, and the latter meeting Drake at Urbana.

**Body for "Two Hill Tuesday."** Name was O'Neill, but not Sandy. Doc Mueller demonstrated his marvelous dental discovery for extracting hens' teeth, and a sob sister from the Cleveland Press got her from Meyer Morris about his fearless experience in a barber's chair, for which he was awarded a handsome check of the new county jail by P. C. A.

**Gets Ford's License.**

After a while the show moved uptown. Roy Mansfield made the acquaintance of Henry Ford and got the recipe for making gold out of tin. More than 1,000 Clevelanders were introduced. All but one were doctors and he was a druggist. Wait Flanagan buzzed Stan Coffall for a football game with the Indians and was informed that nothing could be done while the flag at League park was at half-mast.

**The Bird who believes that the Indians are out of the series is all off, like passengers at the end of the line.** The Robins still have a couple of more games to win and they refuse to play themselves. Since the arrival of the Rock Island exhibit this morning, special traffic rules, limiting one chicken at a time to cross the boulevard, have been effective. This is to allow chauffeurs to keep their eyes on the car ahead. Cleveland has more such blue laws than an Illinois township.

**Nero would have blushed last night had he seen this man's metropolis.** Rome burned up when Nero mistook a skunk for a fire alarm box, after he had lighted a match to ascertain how many Rockefeller highballs he could draw from his gas tank. Last night Cleveland was all burned up, but not on account of gas. Brooklyn ball caused the conflagration.

**The Workman's Friend.**

John D. Rockefeller came to his Cleveland estate, Forest Hills, to attend the series. He has promised to give a gold oil can to every kid on the grounds, and then raise the price of oil. There was a disturbance in a room across the hall a moment ago. One of the Brooklyn players was found beating his wife at pinochle. (60 queens.)

## SPEAKER SURE HIS TRIBE CAN CATCH DODGERS

"Have Just Begun to Fight" He Says in Words of John Paul Jones.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 9.—Baseball pride, smoldering in the hearts of Cleveland's fans through 42 years of championship aspirations, blazed into a fury of excitement today for the fourth game of the world's series between Brooklyn and Cleveland.

Since 1879, when Cleveland first went into organized baseball, it had to be content with standing by and watching its major league rivals carry off the championship in the national game. Other cities have become accustomed to world's series, perhaps. But this is Cleveland's first and everything has been forgotten save one thing—baseball. Two Obolans fighting for the presidency has no interest to Cleveland today. The paramount question is baseball wherever crowds congregate.

**Sold Out Month Ago.**

Early indications were that a capacity crowd of 27,000 persons would witness today's game and that many of the Clevelanders would be turned away. Every reserved seat has been sold a month ago.

Although Brooklyn has the edge of one game, the Indians will battle on their own reservations today for the first time during the series and figure they will play in improved form. Stanley Coveleskie, who pitched Cleveland to victory in the first game, was expected to be Manager Speaker's selection, while "Big Jeff" Pfeffer is regarded as Manager Robinson's choice. Both Coveleskie and Pfeffer are right-handers.

**First Fan in Line.**

The sun arose on League Park today with Edward Fox of Proctor, Vt., who came from Seattle to see the game, holding first place in a line of several hundred persons awaiting the sale of the 9,000 general admission tickets. Fox took up his station in front of the ticket window at 2:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon, carrying a large box, which he said contained his supper, his midnight lunch, his breakfast and his lunch for today.

Others began lining up soon after Fox planted himself on a box in front of the ticket window. A Cleveland fan dropped into second place and Edward Brown of Youngstown, Ohio, took up third. Behind Brown came the first woman in line. She was Miss Julia Kelly of Bridgeport, Conn., who, with her escort, said they were friends of Steve O'Neill, the catching "ace" of the Cleveland club.

**"Scalps" Break Through.**

Downy Cleveland was honey-combed with ticket scalpers despite every effort made to halt them. Although no arrests were made yesterday, scalpers were selling tickets in the hotels, cigar stores and other places at prices ranging from \$150 to \$250 for sets of four tickets.

Members of the Cleveland club, after a refreshing sleep, showed no evidence of being disheartened at losing two out of three games at Brooklyn. Manager Tim Speaker was the most enthusiastic of all.

"We have just begun to fight," Speaker declared. "As far as we are concerned, the series is just starting. I have every confidence that the series will be even after today's game. From then we will keep up in front."

Players of the Brooklyn Dodgers shared the view of Manager Robinson that Cleveland is already beaten and will not prove dangerous.

"I confidently believe that we have got the series as good as won," Manager Robinson said. "We have the edge of one game to our credit and we intend to retain it."

**CAPONI VICTOR OVER KICK FOR SECOND BATTLE**

Aurora, Ill., Oct. 9.—Tony Caponi of Rock Island, outpointed Frankie Kick of Rockford, in one of the 10-round double windups here last night. Caponi experienced little difficulty with Kick, earning seven of the 10 rounds.

**LEONARD WINS.**

Patterson, N. J., Oct. 9.—Benny Leonard, lightweight champion of the world, scored a technical knockout over Johnny Sheppard of England, when the referee stopped the scheduled 12-round bout in the third round.

**TAIT LICKS OTTO WALLACE.**

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Oct. 9.—Clonie Tait, formerly of Edmonton, retained the Canadian lightweight boxing championship when he outboxed Otto Wallace of Milwaukee.

**HOLDS BETHON TO DRAW.**

Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 9.—Jack Britton, welterweight champion boxer, was held to a draw by Jack Perry of Pittsburgh in a 15-round bout.

**GREAT FACE RECORD.**

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 9.—In a winning the Board of Commerce, Louis Gratian, driven by Vic Fleming, paced two miles in 2:00 flat, each mile being faster than has previously been paced this year and tying Prince Loe's record as the fastest pacer of the year.

**BRITISHER BEATS YANE.**

New York, Oct. 9.—Tommy Noble of England won a judge's decision over Johnny Murray of New York in a 15-round bout at the Madison square garden.

## The Sportscope

By Bruce Copeland.

### A Sporting Sermon

**MAKING OF A CROOK.**

Rock Island, Ill., Oct. 9.—While Ham, who took weight boxing, was settled to popular decision over Tommy Comiskey, the Paul Jones fight after 12 rounds of dogfighting. The western boxer and opponent of the Ham was out of sight, while Tommy aimed time after time. Comiskey pined of color and did not make the showing here that he did on previous occasions against other opponents.

This deliberate lie was discovered in an obscure corner of yesterday's Chicago American. It seems incredible that Ed W. Smith's sporting staff should countenance such an affront toward the intelligence of tri-city boxing scribes, which it really is. Any critic who would stoop so low as to "give" Huse any party of Thursday night's verdict should be adjudged wholly incompetent and barred from further criticism by popular acclamation. The above misrepresentation is a malicious and contemptible attempt to belittle Tommy Comiskey, one of the grandest little boxers of them all. Anonymous, unauthorized, and bought-and-paid-for decisions are received almost daily by every newspaper of standing in the country. The mystery is: why should the Chicago American fall for such pure, unadulterated-bunk that is propagated for the sole purpose of over-rating a mediocre boxer like Huse? At face value the report is ridiculous. Any person who perpetrates so gross an insult to clean boxing is as guilty of crookedness as the sure-thing swine who "fixed" the eight Chicago White Sox.

**PUBLIC THE SUFFERERS.**

The tri-city newspaper consensus accorded Comiskey a heavy winner on points. Any deviation from this verdict would indicate the rank sort of bias for a made-to-order decision to hoodwink the sporting public. Sporting scribes invariably disagree on close decisions, but the Comiskey-Huse bout was so one-sided in the matter of points that only the boldest "fixer" would dare to disclose his identity in a telegraph office. The sporting public should cooperate with the tri-city newspapers in exposing and suppressing such petty crookedness. The public is the sufferer. Naturally, the public should not tolerate anything but the truth, for its own sake.

**TELEGRAPH BANDITS.**

Over-zealous friends and admirers of defeated boxers frequently take arbitrary issue with competent and duly recognized boxing writers. By rights, a sporting writer is employed by his newspaper to get the news and append such comment as his honest convictions shall prescribe. Occasionally, it is to be deplored that a sporting writer is also in the illegitimate employ of boxing promoters, managers and even the fighters themselves. These are the telegraph bandits who swindle the sporting public as deliberately as if they entered homes and stole. Confidence, in this case, is the swag.

**LEGITIMATE PRESS WORK.**

The writer who serves his readers best is always wary of unwarranted favors. Press-agents do not come under the scourge of who "fixing." The value of publicity is indispensable to a boxing club and sporting writers may be employed to write advance notices and still keep their hands clean. Years of experience alone can tell when they may trust. The successful writer never cares who wins or loses a boxing bout because he cannot afford to jeopardize his reputation as a critic in the eyes of astute boxing followers at the ringside. It is generally known who does and who does not report a boxing exhibition according to his own candid convictions.

**SPORT PAGE FUNCTION.**

Smaller newspapers, as a general rule, put little credence in the necessity of catering directly to the enlightenment of the sporting public by means of a high class, authentic sport page. Tri-city newspapers have profited materially because their readers know the sporting writers are absolutely trustworthy and unbiased. All branches of sport comprise the foundation of American manhood and should be upheld from besmirching influences as assiduously as the home itself. Newspapers alone can make or break any element of public interest whether it be sport, politics, social, civic or general matters of news; and the newspaper is essentially a creator, not a destroyer.

**PLEA FOR LOFTY IDEALS.**

The successful writer, like the successful athlete, never loses sight of his lofty ideals. The soul of clean sport is too holy to vilify by accepting monetary and other gratuities that exact lies when the truth were better. The writer or performer who sells out to miscreant fixers not only loses his ideals, integrity and the faith of his readers or admirers, but sees himself slipping without sufficient strength of character left to apply the skid chains. How happy all would be were their ideals beyond the reach of the sure-thing vultures! The old adage of Lord Cornwallis was one of the most misappropriated truthful phrases in English history. It was, "Once an Englishman, always an Englishman." It was uttered maliciously for spite against the true ideals of American freedom. Once a fixer, always a fixer, would be a sound philosophy, for there is always a chance of redemption for those whose sense of duty can be revived.

**CROSSES FOR CROSSERS.**

Sooner or later those who brew bitterness must partake of their own vintage. There is a double cross waiting for every dishonest person whose adopted weapon is the double cross. Inwardly, all crooks loathe each other with intense hatred of their degeneracy. Crooked power is one of the most volatile of worldly conditions. It is fickle, suspicious, jealous, vicious, unscrupulous, even murderous. The crook's creed, "By hook or crook," should be a moral to itself for those who can discriminate between the two by critical self-analysis for traces of dishonesty. But remember, there is a double cross for every double-crosser. It cannot be escaped unless the resolve to shoot square is ultimately triumphant.

**EVERY LIE A BOOMERANG.**

It is unfortunate that Tommy Comiskey, who is such an intelligent, clean little boxer, should have to suffer from the malice of the crooked fixer who posted that vilifying dispatch. Huse himself, will eventually be the worst victim of his own lies. When matches with top-notchers like Tommy Comiskey, it will be readily discerned that he was really over-rated. Thus, his drawing power will be seriously impaired. Nothing ever survived wear and tear that was built on lies. Personally, Eddie is a likable chap, whose heart is wrapped in his profession. It is unfortunate that he is dominated by miscreant individuals, who are contributing more to his ultimate downfall than a score of admitted defeats. Such a boomerang cannot be avoided by revilers of the sanctity of American sport.

WIN OR LOSE, SHOOT SQUARE; and life will be sweeter!

## TRIAL HORSES ON EAST GRIDS

Major Football Teams Take on Lesser Elites Today for Workouts.

New York, Oct. 9.—The major eastern football eleven were matched against "trial horses" today for the last time this fall. Next week they will plunge into their real strength-testing schedules from which they will emerge in November trained for the annual classics of the gridiron.

Intersectional interest was focused on today's playing of Harvard Yale and Princeton, each pitted against teams of more or less uncertain caliber. Valparaiso university, an unknown quantity in eastern football, came from Indiana to struggle with the Crimson.

The showing of the Navy, strengthened by the veteran line-men, absent last Saturday in the stinging setback which North Carolina State gave the midshipmen, was anxiously awaited.

The Army, which meets Springfield, already has displayed powerful force by two easy victories in last Saturday's double-header.

## STALEYS TO PLAY KEWANE PIGSKIN STARS TOMORROW

Decatur, Ill., Oct. 9.—The Staley professional football team plays its second game of the season here Sunday with the Kewanee Walworths as its opponents. The victors will be strengthened by the presence of Bill Kopp, former Illinois captain, Haley of the Michigan Aggies, and Lapann of the Oregon Aggies.

**STRANGLER WINS.**

Phoenix, Ariz., Oct. 9.—Ed ("Strangler") Lewis, former world's heavyweight champion wrestler, defeated Ed Daviscourt, Pacific coast heavyweight, in two straight falls.

**Boys' Shoes**

**That Wear and Fit**

**Dolly Subway**

1728-30 Second Ave.